

LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

VOL. VII.

LITCHFIELD, (CONN.) THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1833.

No. 42.—WHOLE No. 354.

Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
By HENRY ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.

To companies of any number over six, \$1 50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1 75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.

No papers will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.

Notice of a wish to discontinue must be given before the expiration of a year.

ADVERTISING. One square, three insertions, \$1, and the same proportion for two or more squares.—Half a square, 75 cts. Continuance over three weeks 50 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.

Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 00

Commissioners' Notices, 1 25

All communications must be post-paid.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

THE excruciating pain—the decrepitude and deformity, and the premature old age, which are the usual attendants of this disorder, are suffered by many from despair of a cure, or disappointment in the efficacy of the numerous pretended antidotes used to effect this purpose. But those who have made a fair trial of

Dr. Jobb's Celebrated Liniment, even in cases of long standing, and of the most severe character, have received certain relief, and many have been cured in a few days, some in 24 hours: as a number of persons in Boston and vicinity, who were formerly afflicted with the Rheumatism, have very fully testified. Certificates are in the possession of the Proprietor, proving the most thorough and surprising cures by means of this powerful Liniment, in cases where other approved applications had utterly failed. The Liniment is also used with success for Bruises, Sprains, Numbness, Stiffness of the Joints, Chilblains, &c. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

DUMFRIES' EYE WATER!

FOR Sore or Inflamed Eyes, gives immediate ease and relief. On recent sore eyes, the effect is most salutary. Where the complaint has been of years standing, and in some exceeding bad cases, the most unexpected and desirable relief has been found in the use of this EYE WATER, after every other remedy had failed. Many persons who have used it pronounce it the best preparation for these complaints they have ever met with, especially in cases of soreness or inflammation of long standing.

Price 25 cents a bottle.

None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY.—For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court Street, near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by

Samuel Buel and J. G. Beckwith, Litchfield; E. Cowles, South Farms; Daniel Norton, Canaan; Judson & Whittlesey, N. Preston; Isaac S. Wadsworth, Bethlem; Newton & Henderson, Goshen.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again.

February 9 1833

A Pleasant FARM FOR SALE OR LEASE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a FARM lying in Litchfield, very pleasantly situated, within 5-4ths of a mile of the Court house. Said farm contains about 70 acres of land, under cultivation, with a good House, Barn, and out-houses on the premises. If not sold by the middle of March next, then will this property be offered on lease, or on shares.—Possession to be given on the first of April next, by the owner.

BENJAMIN TALLMADGE.

Litchfield, Feb. 25, 1833

NEW BOOKS.

MOREL'S Voyages and Discoveries in the South Sea. Historical and Descriptive Account of British India from the most remote period to the present time.

Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott. By Sir David Brewster.

Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott. By Allan Cunningham.

History of the American Revolution—published in London. Just received and for sale at the Litchfield Bookstore, by

E. A. LORD.

Litchfield, Jan. 24

7 Cents Reward.

RUNAWAY from the subscriber, on the 8th night of the 25th of February last, an indentured apprentice to the Seythe Making Business, named FRANCIS BROWN, about 18 years of age. All persons are forbid harboring, trusting or employing him on penalty of the law. Whoever will return said boy shall be entitled to the above reward, but no charges paid.

JAMES DUEI.

Pine Plains, Dutchess county, N. Y. March 4, 1833.

AUCTION.

BY order of the Court of Probate for the District of Norfolk, will be sold at Public Auction, on Tuesday the 2d day of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, all the Real and Personal Estate of LOBBAIN LOOKS, of Winchester, consisting of a FARM of one hundred and eighty acres of Land, with the Buildings, and a variety of Furniture, &c. &c.

JAMES BEEBE, NELSON LOOMIS, Trustees.

Winchester, March 6, 1833

Medad Alling's Estate.

THE Court of Probate for the District of Sharon has limited and allowed six months from this date for the creditors to the estate of MEDAD ALLING, late of Canaan, in said district, deceased, to present to the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased their claims against said deceased's estate for settlement.

By order of Court.

DESIREE ALLING, Executor.

Canaan, March 5, 1833

Installation Sermon.

A FEW copies of the Sermon delivered at the Installation of the Rev. Mr. Urnstone, in December last, by Rev. LAURENS P. HICKOK, for sale at this office.

March 21

DEFERRED ITEMS.

Heavy Damages.—An action was recently tried in the Court of Common Pleas, London, for a Breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff recovered a verdict of three thousand pounds sterling. The damages were laid at £20,000! The parties were Mrs. Margaret Willes, a widow lady, plaintiff, and the Rev. Mr. Gildart, with whom she had been residing for many years in the capacity of house-keeper. The marriage was agreed upon, the dresses and jewels bought, and every arrangement made, when, suddenly, the Reverend gentleman deserted the fair one, because he was given to understand that Mrs. W. would not be recognised as his wife among the upper classes, she having long lived in his house as a servant. "Such was the custom of society," and this was made the principal ground of defence!

Cost of Nullification.—Nullification has already cost South-Carolina \$428,000! for the following purposes: an extra session of the legislature, 18,000; a convention 10,000; for arms, 200,000; and 200,000 placed at the disposal of the Governor.

Does any person feel his Pride raised by mixing with the Rich and Great?—asks a gentleman in Sunderland, England, in a recent letter to a friend—and then adds—"while I write this, there is a female now employed in throwing coal into my cellar, who is the widow of a navy officer deceased, and who has actually danced with George the Fourth." So fades the glory of this world.

Steamboat lost.—The Natchez Courier of the 3th ult. says, "The Steamer Consort was snagged on her way down the river, between this port and Fort Adams, and sunk within six minutes after she struck.—The passengers saved themselves with much difficulty—boat and cargo totally lost."

Horrors of Intemperance.—A fireman narrates in Poolson's Philadelphia American Daily Advertiser, the subjoined. The dwelling of a drunken Irishman and his wife caught fire. He got upon a back shed, and looked into the window, and, to his horror, found the bed enveloped in flames, and rapidly spreading through the room; the miserable objects lay in the bed with their young and only child between them, so completely intoxicated, that even while the most excruciating torments racked them, they were incapable of rising. The window was burst open, and with much risk the poor wretches were removed. It appears, on retiring to rest, a lighted candle had been placed under or near the bed, and is supposed to have caused the fire. On being rescued, the family were taken to the Hospital; the man survived but two days, and, at the present time, neither wife nor child are expected to live.

By a clause in the General Appropriation Act, the privilege of franking letters is given to Members of Congress from 60 days before each Member takes his seat, [or ought to take his seat,] to the end of the term for which he is elected, and to the meeting of the Congress following.—Nat. Intell.

The Rev. E. K. Avery.—The trial of the Rev. E. K. Avery, charged with the murder of Sarah M. Cornell, will not take place at the present term of the Supreme court for the county of Newport. It will be called up at an adjourned session, should the grand jury find a true bill, of which, by the way, there can scarcely be a doubt. We are informed, by one of the intimate personal friends of Mr. Avery, that the man and boy, whom Avery says he saw in Rhode-Island, on the evening of the murder, will be produced at the trial. If this should be the case, the acquittal of the prisoner would follow as a matter of course, provided the identity of the individuals were fully established. Prov. Gaz.

Hard Times in South Carolina.—The following is from one of the latest Charleston papers:—"We learn that \$35,000 was offered and refused, on Wednesday last, for old Bertrand, (a running horse). This sum is exactly ten times as much as was given for him by his present owner, Mr. Lindley, of Kentucky, who bought him from Col. Spann, the day after his great race with Aratus and Creeping Kate."

The Macon (Geo.) Telegraph, of the 27th ult. says: "The number of emigrants daily passing through this State, mostly from South Carolina, is without parallel in our recollection. It is estimated that not less than 50,000 souls have left South Carolina within the last six months; and, judging from what have passed through this place, we should think that number not above the mark."

Shocking Murder.—A man named Barksdales, of Warren county, Geo. had been held to bail for his appearance at Court, and his securities, hearing that it was his intention to leave the country, wished to surrender him to the sheriff. For this purpose five persons placed themselves near his residence, on the night of the 12th inst., sitting with their backs against an out-house, when Barksdales made his appearance in front of them, armed with a gun. One of the company mildly begged him to desist from shooting; he however stepped back a short distance, bringing them in a range, and fired, killing a Mr. T. Jones, of Taliaferro county, who received forty small shot and two slugs, which passed through his right arm and chest, and wounded Mr. Peyton Harris very severely, and Thomas Pitman slightly. Barksdales was pursued, but made his escape.

Extraordinary Circumstance.—The cholera (a correspondent writes) has raged very alarmingly at Marlow, so much so, that from 12 to 15 burials have taken place of a day. Among others, a poor man, who left his wife early in the morning well, was much surprised, on his return home on being informed that during his absence she had died of the cholera and was buried. Feeling disconsolate and disatisfied, he betook himself to the grave and dug up the corpse. On lifting off the lid of the coffin, he was struck with the appearance of his wife, and thought he perceived symptoms of life, which soon became realized, as, after a while, the poor woman rose up, and to the great joy of her husband, accompanied him home, and wonderful to relate, that night became a mother, and who, with the child, are at this moment regarded by the inhabitants of Marlow as the greatest curiosities.

English Paper.

Judge Root, in going to a circuit in England, had a stone thrown at his head, but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friend, "had I been an upright Judge, I might have been killed."

In the Senate of Massachusetts, a bill to abolish company trainings of the Militia, and to substitute an annual inspection, &c. passed by a vote of 20 to 17, on Friday last.

PRODUCTIONS OF CHANCE.

We copy the following amusing dialogue from a small paper printed weekly in the wilds of Illinois.—The argument is founded on so evident and substantial types, and withal is so simple, so easy of comprehension to every understanding, that it must carry conviction to all who are not determined to shut their eyes upon every thing, even plain reason and common sense.

Mr. Pioneer.—Although I have made no report lately, through you, I have not been idle. In one of my rounds not long since, the following dialogue occurred, and I hasten to send it through you to head quarters. It may be proper to tell you that one of the persons engaged in the following conversation, appeared to be an awkward, long-sided youth, equipped for hunting;—and wearing a countenance of listless vacuity; although I sometimes fancied I saw an arch expression in his eye, as his face happened to turn towards the place where I lay; the other seemed to be one who piqued himself on his reasoning powers, and who looked with sublime contempt on those who rested their belief on the force of evidence.

Hunter.—I say, stranger, what's that 'ere thing you've got in your hand, that looks so speckled like?

Reasoner.—This? It's the 'Free Enquirer.'

H. The what?—I tell you what, mister, you needn't think to throw your flings out that way at a fellow. If I did ask you a question, it was a civil one; and you needn't think to nickname a body the free inquirer for it. We are used to making free in our country.

R. You are mistaken in my meaning. It was the paper I called the Free Enquirer, not you.

H. Hey? that thing?—What d'ye call it? a paper and a free inquirer too! Now if that a't funny, I dont know.

R. It is a paper. A newspaper called the Free Enquirer.

H. More yet! Paper, Newspaper, and Free Enquirer. Have you any more names for it?

R. O yes! several more. But I see you do not understand me, and I must explain. This thin, white sheet is called paper—feel it—These black marks are letters printed on it, and we read the words that they make when they are together.

H. Read! O! I mind now; mammy used to tell us, that, in the settlements, people went to school and learned to read; and she said how daddy and her couldn't read, that was the reason they didn't take any books with 'em when they moved on to the range. But I never heard about newspapers, and Free Enquirers.

R. This is a book, (showing one;) see, it is made of paper like this; but then it is folded up and bound between paste boards, and covered with leather, so as to keep it safe.

H. Well now, stranger, since I find you didn't mean to make fun of a body, I hope you won't take any pride in what I said; and I'd like to know more about that paper, as you call it. What's it for?

R. It's a newspaper, published in New-York to expose the superstitious notions that prevail about religion.

H. How does it do that?

R. Why, it comes right out and says that all religion is nonsense, and religious people are all fools or hypocrites.

H. I don't understand that some how.—There was John Davis that used to be a roarer to fight, and get drunk and swear, and play cards, and he went off to a camp meeting and got religion; and ever since then he's the civillest, best behaved, soberest fellow all about. And he's no fool, neither; I can tell you. I reckon if you were to hear him talk you'd think so.

R. Psa! it's all delusion—all a pack of nonsense: I tell you.

H. Well now, I'd like you to tell me what made him leave off his old capers all of a sudden?

R. The fellow got frightened by their screaming and shouting.

H. I dont think so. He's not so easy frightened, thought he wont fight now; but I seed him one day in a fix that I reckon you wouldn't like to be in. Every body else seemed scared but him, and he wasn't no more afraid than you are now.

R. Ah yes, I know they have courage enough about common things; but they are afraid of the devil, and hell, and all that.

H. Why, stranger! see here now, an't you afraid of the devil?

R. I?—nonsense—there is no devil.

H. No devil! How do you know?

R. Know? Did you ever see the devil?

H. No. But I never seed every thing.

R. Did you ever see any body that had seen him?

H. No. But John Davis says the bible says there's a devil. You know, I suppose, what he meant by the bible.

R. John Davis is a fool, and the bible a pack of lies.

H. Hallo! stranger, you'd better not call John Davis a fool—I tell you he an't no fool, and he'd lik you in a minute—that is if he'd fight. But he's a clever fellow, any how, and I won't hear him abused behind his back.

R. I didn't mean to abuse him, you must not mind such expressions; I only want to convince you of the folly of religion.

H. Well then, you may go on. I begin to feel curious to know how you found out the bible was a pack of lies.

R. If you could read the Free Enquirer you'd see.

H. Does that say so? How does that know?

R. Why Mr. Owen and Miss Wright and Mr. Jennings carry on the paper, and they go on to prove that there is no God, and so the bible can't be true, because it pretends to be the word of God.

H. No God! No hell! No devil! Hur-ray. May be I wont have a frolic. Why then a body can git drunk, swear and fight, and if he should kill a fellow it will be no great matter. But stop. How do they know? I don't like to be cheated.

R. Why they say its just a superstitious notion that people have. No body ever saw God; and people can't be expected to believe contrary to the evidence of their senses.

H. No, to be sure. But then John Davis says, the bible makes out that God made the world. If there an't no God, who did make the world?

R. Make the world, indeed. How do you suppose he'd go about to make the world?

H. I don't know nothing about it. I asked you to tell me how the world come if God didn't make it.

R. Come? it didn't come, it always was.

H. How do you know that?

R. Why, Reason teaches us so. If there weren't something always, how could any thing happen to be?

H. That's what I don't know. And I'll tell you another thing I don't know. If this world always was, without any maker—did it make itself?

R. Make itself? ha, ha, that's a good one. Why, don't you know that the earth is dead matter? It couldn't make itself nor any thing else.

H. Well, so I should judge, and if it couldn't make any thing because it an't alive, I wonder how it could change so much? The water runs; trees grow, leaves fall and put out again; fire burns up a heap of truck, beasts and birds and fishes and mankind too, lives and dies, and nobody makes 'em. I can't understand that. They didn't always be, I know.

R. That's only the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances.

H. The what?

R. Why, its—its—it just happens so.

H. Its a queer sort of fixen, any how.—I wonder if such things as this here rifle ever just happened so, without being made.

R. Where did you say that ere Free Enquirer come from?

R. From New-York.

H. Who did you say made it?

R. I didn't say who made it; Mr. Owen and Miss Wright, and Mr. Jennings write the pieces in it.

H. Let's look, is that write hand?

R. No, this is printed.

H. How! is it printed and wrote too, and not wrote neither? you're a droll fellow.

R. I must explain to you. The lady and gentlemen I spoke of write pieces and then get the printers to print them.

H. What is printing? how is it done?

R. They have the letters cut on little pieces of lead (made hard somehow,) these they call types; and they pick them up letter by letter, and put them in order so as to make words, and these are arranged in sentences; and so on till they get all these letters set up to make one side, then they put them up in a particular order on a flat stone that is fixed in the printing press. Then they black the types and lay the paper on and press down a flat board on them, and so they make it look like this side. Then they put up the same types in a different order to make different words, and go through the same work to print the other side.

H. What do you call a letter? Let me see.

R. These are large letters at the top.—That is the title. Those small things are all letters.

H. What? Is that little thing a letter?

R. Yes.

H. And do they pick 'em up one by one and fix 'em so as to make that whole paper?

R. Yes.

H. Now, mister, I want to ask you a few questions. Did you ever see New-York?

R. No. I am a western man.

H. Did you ever see that woman and them men you talk about?

R. Who? Miss Wright and Mr. Owen and Mr. Jennings? No.

H. Did you see the folks take that paper and print it?

R. No, I tell you.

H. How do you know they did it then?

R. Can't I read?—it says so here.

H. May be it lies. How do you know it don't lie?

R. How do I know it dont lie? I know it don't. Do you think I'm a fool?

H. If you aint, can you tell me what I ask you? It's a plain question. How do you know there is such a place as N. York?

R. Why, the fellow's crazy. How do I know there are such people as Miss Wright, and Mr. Owen, and Mr. Jennings, when I've heard so much about them, and seen their writings every week. Can't I believe my eyes?

H. Yes, but that's the thing I want to know. How can you prove that they did write them things? To come right out, how can you prove that that paper was printed?

R. Why, I know it was; it couldn't make itself.

H. Yes, I know that; but then couldn't it happen so?

R. No. What nonsense. I read about printing; and this is what they make by printing.

H. As far as I can see, you don't know but what it grow'd.

R. A newspaper grow? What an absurd idea.

H. I dont see but it might happen without a maker, as easy as all this world, any how.

Here the dialogue ceased, and I came away.

AN OLD SCOUT.

REARING OF SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Goshen, (Conn.) Oct. 1832.

Sir.—I have had the pleasure of seeing several numbers of the "New-York Farmer and Horticultural Repository," and I am much pleased with the design and execution; I am likewise gratified with seeing the recent establishment of the New-York State Agricultural Society; it cannot fail of being extensively useful, as your object is not only to stimulate the farmers to use the best means to improve their land and obtain the best stock, but to give the public the benefit of their experience and success.

A writer in the March number, speaking of the rearing of sheep and lambs, requests every Farmer who has had good success to trace the cause and make it known to the public. It has been a part of my business for the last twenty-five years to raise sheep, particularly the Merino and Saxony breed.

As my success has been far beyond my expectation, I am induced to think myself fortunate in hitting upon the cause.

My practice during the summer months is to give my flocks a sufficiency of pasture to keep them in good heart, but not to have them become fat. To do this, I find it best to change them once in twelve or fifteen days, keeping the feed short but fresh, and frequently salt them. In the month of October lessen the flocks, so as not to have more than fifty or sixty together; put them into pastures reserved for the purpose, where the feed is rather better than where they have been kept. By this means they will soon begin to gain, so by the beginning of winter they will be in a thriving condition; then by plenty of good hay and water, continuing the salting when the weather is moderate, I have been able to keep them in good condition. Two or three weeks before the yearning time, they ought to have plenty of rowen hay; if this cannot be had let them have the best English or clover hay, and be fed with turnips and potatoes three or four times a week, and they will usually have plenty of milk, which I consider the great secret of raising lambs. Agriculturalists know that ewes go with young about one hundred and fifty days. When the time comes for them to yearn, they require the strictest attention. They must be kept in warm places, well littered, and the lambs assisted to suck as soon as they can stand; any further assistance is rarely necessary, provided the ewes own their lambs, but this is not always the case. Some ewes will leave their lambs and take no further notice of them; if so, they must be put together in small pens, the ewes tied, and the lambs assisted often to suck; in a few days ewes will be fond of them, when they may be untied, and there is no further trouble. I think it important to have sheds, open on one side, that the sheep may go under during storms or very cold weather. Always keep the yards well littered, and in this way they make large quantities of manure.

I do not think it best for them to ramble much after the winter sets in, and it becomes necessary to feed them, for it seems to take away their relish for hay, and they will most surely lose flesh. I have thus given an outline of my plan, I will now state the result of my successes. I have repeatedly raised one hundred lambs without losing one; and one year I raised one hundred and sixty, and no ewe which had a lamb failed rearing it.

In a few cases ewes lost their lambs, and twin lambs were substituted in their places. The ewe was made to receive the lamb by rubbing the dead lamb all over it, and giving the ewe in a small pen, often assisting the lamb to suck, and a few days will be sufficient to make her receive it as her own. If you think these remarks worthy a place in your paper, they are at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

[N. Y. Farmer. S. LYMAN.

Juvenile Martyrdom.—A gentleman related to us the following circumstance, the other day, which he insists is strictly true. Passing through one of our streets, he met a little boy paddling through the snow, without shoes or stockings. "My dear little fellow," cried he, "you will freeze to death—have you no shoes nor stockings?" "Yes, Sir," replied the boy, "but I'm going to save 'em to wear to meetin'!"

Lynn Messenger.

Anecdote.—The following we believe, has never appeared in print. We are assured that it is a fact. When our troops were defending New-Orleans, in the last war, a young and raw Kentuckian accosted the postmaster with—"Stranger, is there a letter here for me from my mother?" "Yes, Sir," said the postmaster, "here is one addressed 'To my son in Gen. Jackson's army,' this must be you." Sure enough it was from his mother.—Galaxy.